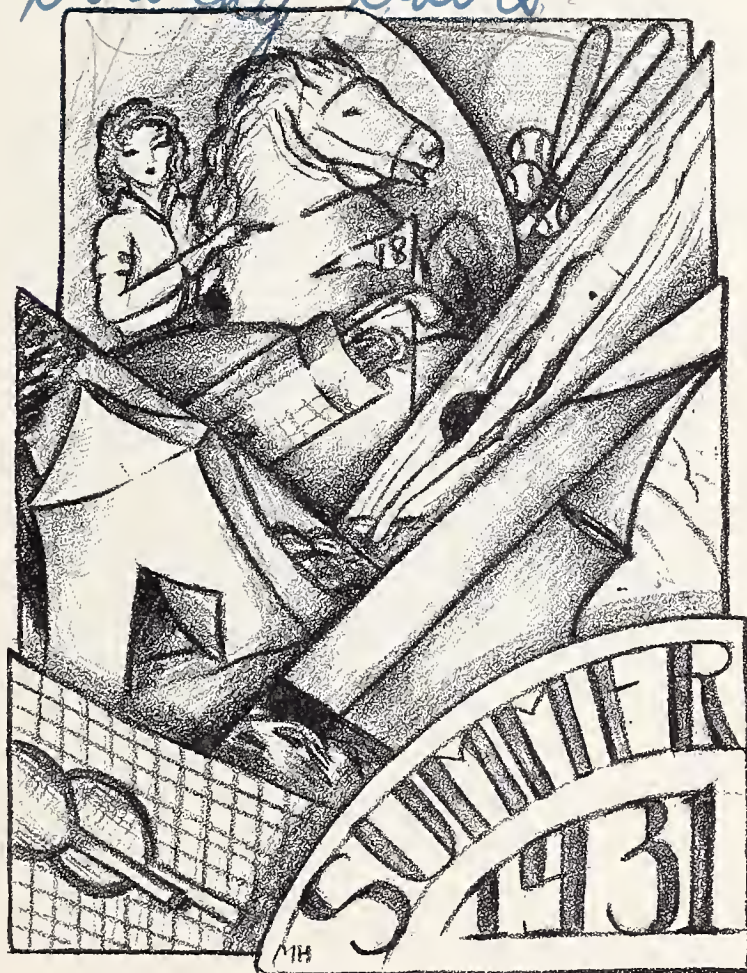




Handy

Garfield Gleaner

Coach "Pete" Corley
Norothy Davis



—Marion Hastings

W.C. 2500
K. W. 2500

Garfield Junior High School
Berkeley, California

Charlotte French



TO SAMUEL J. HUGHES,
*teacher, scholar, man of high standards,
who for a score of years
has given of his best
to the boys and girls of Berkeley,
this issue of THE GLEANER
is appreciatively dedicated.*



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE TO GRADUATES

Just twenty years ago the first class graduated from this school, which had been organized six months previously as one of the first four Junior High Schools in the world.

That pioneer class of June, 1911, numbering twelve boys and thirty-six girls, has been followed every June and December through the intervening years by other groups of boys and girls, until your class is the fortieth to complete the course. When your two hundred fifteen names are added to the roll on June fourth, the number of graduates will have reached a grand total of four thousand three hundred three.

It is a goodly company of which you are about to become a part. We are proud of the records and achievements of the graduates of the earlier years. Most of them are honorably and satisfactorily filling their places in the great scheme of life. Many have already reached distinction in their chosen fields of endeavor.

The graduates of later years, too, are seeking the high way of life. A young man who six years ago was President of the Garfield Student Association has just been elected President of the Associated Students of the University of California, an organization which numbers ten thousand members. Another Garfield graduate ranked second highest in the great class of two thousand six hundred seventy-nine members recently awarded degrees at the same University. These are but two of the hundreds and thousands who are moving steadily onward to honorable goals in college, and business, and industry.

As the members of the June class of 1931 leave the portals of Garfield, we wish that each might take as his life's ideals the words that have inspired so many of those that have gone before you, the words inscribed upon the walls of our beautiful court:

Labor, Learning, Responsibility, Reverence, Courage, Integrity, Vision, Service.

With these ideals you may well hope to attain that personal success to which all ambitious young people aspire, and you are sure, too, to make the world a better place for your having lived in it.

Choose wisely; live right; never lower your standards. At the threshold of life, where you are standing:

"To every man there openeth
A High Way and a low—
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the low soul gropes in the low;
And in between on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro.

But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a low;
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go."

—D. L. HENNESSEY.

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PAINE, GEO., *Playground Director*
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KUNDY, ERNEST, *Music*
ROBINSON, MRS. IDA, *Music*
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SCHOTT, VICTOR, *Music*
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D'OLIVERA, TONY, *Head Janitor*
HOAG, JACK, *Janitor*
ODOM, JOSEPH, *Janitor*
SOUZA, JOE, *Janitor*
PETTIT, MRS. BESSIE, *Matron*

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EDITORIAL

Our life is like a vehicle of transportation, and our education forms the wheels. When we have learned the fundamentals and completed grammar school, we put on the first wheel and our vehicle becomes a wheelbarrow. Of course, a wheelbarrow is very useful in its own way, but it will not carry great weights. When we have graduated from junior high school our barrow becomes a two-wheeled cart, which will carry some weight, but does not have good balance. Senior high school and college add the other two wheels and we now have an automobile. If we want a well-built automobile that will run smoothly, we must work hard to make it so. A well-equipped automobile always has one or more spare tires. So should ours. Our spare tires are those things in our education which enable us to use our leisure time to best advantage. The arts, especially music, interest in sports, and a taste for good reading, all make the vehicles of our lives full, interesting, and able to reach a high goal.



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*Bob Boon
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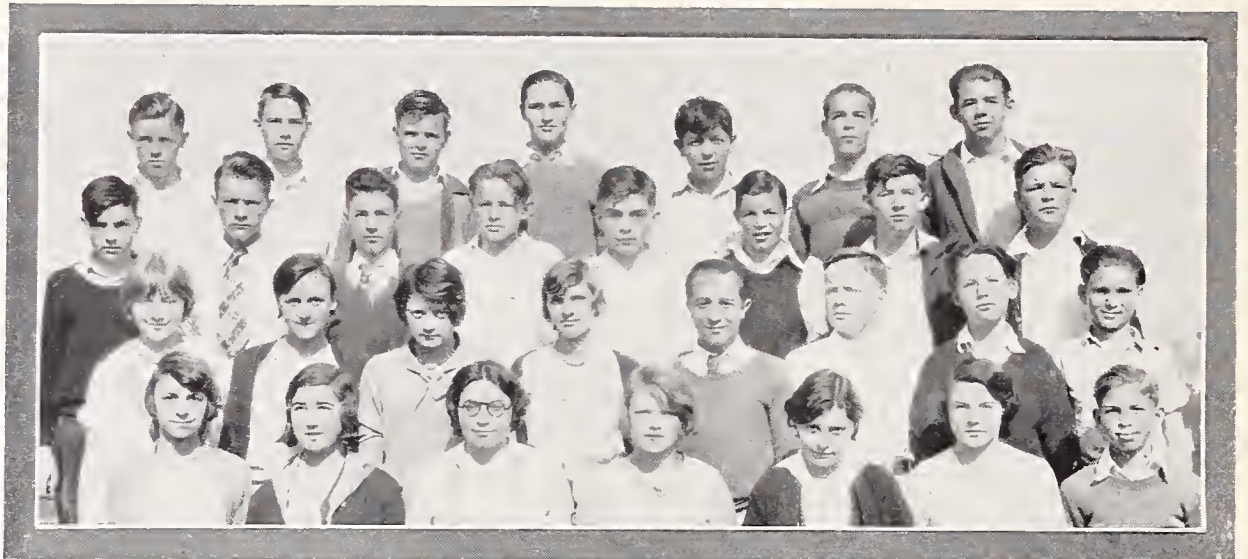
CABINET REPRESENTATIVES

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 High 8—Harvey Lyman, Shirley Kay, William Kellogg, Jack Broderick, Kenneth Hedstrom, Dorothy Wilson.
 Low 9—Pauline Hemp, Jane Flower, Betty Clarke, Eugene Rebard, Laurence Dickey.
 High 9—Dorothea Jones, Clifford Dowell, Mary Hartman, Gwynne Sharrer, Elise Terry, Betty Lou Yelton.



MISS GROEFSEMA ADVISORY

NAME	NICKNAME	DESTINY	FAVORITE SAYING
Jack Anderson . . .	Squeeky . . .	Bum	Oh, run along
Charles Barker . . .	Bow Wow . . .	Champion clock winder	Believe it
Lloyd Beauchamp . . .	Bon	Bus driver	Take off the brake
Bob Brunner	Bob	Answer to teachers' prayer	O. K. baby
Carl Crawford	The Kid	Famous Tuba player .	We'll do well
Clifford Dowell . . .	Chink	Gum tester	Lend me your bus, Pro.
Robert Easton	Pud	Bug house	Aw, shucks
Leonard Frater	Frater	Ping Pong player . .	Will you, huh?
Richard Freshwater . .	Skink	China	I've shipped on south sea tramp
Charles Goebel	Goebel	Peanut seller	Aw, go chase yourself
Bob Hink	Bob	Old man	Egad
Jack Jarman	German	Airplane crasher . .	Step on the gas
Jim Lusk	Jim	Fisherman	I dunno
Earl Mann	Sticky	Future Joe Tavoti . .	O Fisher
Rene Momas	Hobo	Ditch digger	As it is
Charles Mulick	Chuck	Airplane mechanic . .	Oh, yea
Bob Neilson	Kid Neilson . . .	Millionaire	Aw, go on
Philip Riedy	Phil	Loafer	Didn't do nuthin
Eugene Robinson . . .	Squirt	Algebra copyist . . .	Where ya going?
Everts Stewart	Putt	Lazy boy	Hey, Twitch
George Tolson	Progresser	Psychologist	Don't know
Norman Webb	Spider Webb . . .	Criminal detective . .	Skamoosh
Herbert Yates	Hank	Sheriff	I don't know
Mary Baker	Berry Maker . . .	Billionairess	It's just spiffy
Martha Bell	Martie	Teacher	Where's Katherine
Pearl Bower	Venus	Artist	O, gosh
Shirley Brown	Blondy	Private secretary . .	O. K. big boy
Audrey Hoskins	Kid	Opera singer	I should say
Edith Johnson	Make	Get through high school	Where's Pat
Lois Jones	Topsy	Speed typist	O. K. baby
Virginia Lee	Gin	Nurse	Call me up tonight
Katherine Newton . . .	Kitty	Nurse	Oh gee
Clara O'Neill	BaBe	Society girl	I'll see you later
Nancy Jane Rice	Shorty	Teacher	Clicky
Elizabeth Robinson . .	Lizzee	Latin teacher	What did we have for English?
Hazel Swenson	Sweeny	Artist's model	What's the date?
Hazel Terry	Dutchy	Cigarette girl	Done your home work?
Florence Wilson	Freddie	Poo poopa doop girl .	Oke and oke



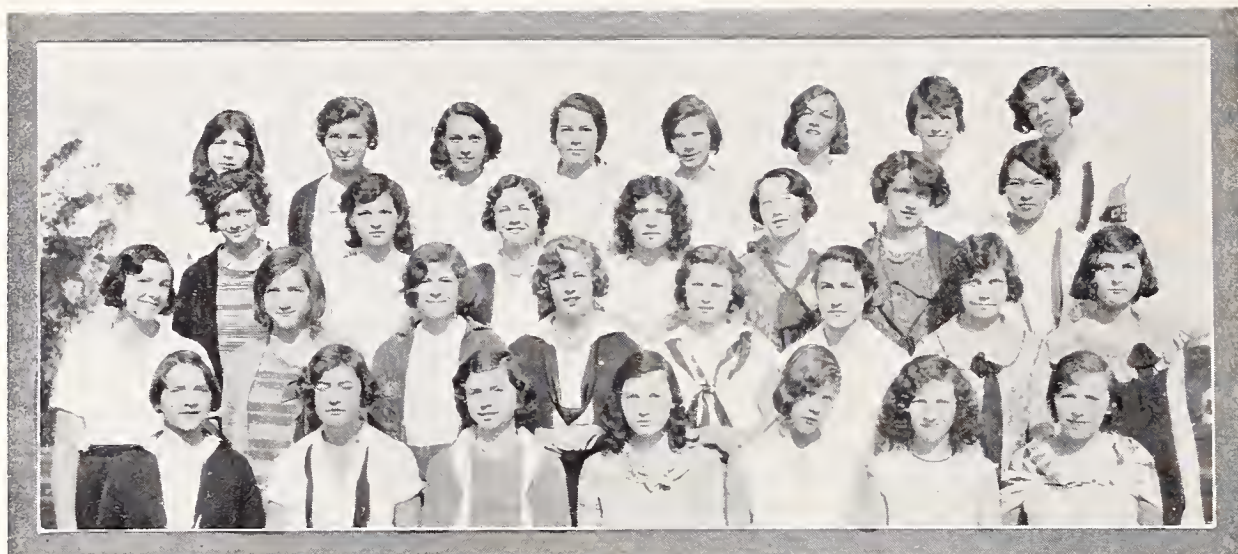
MISS MARTIN'S ADVISORY

NAME	NICKNAME	DESTINY	FAVORITE SAYING
Lawrence Arpin . . .	Arpie . . .	Knight of the road . . .	Gimme a ride?
James Boyers . . .		Tree doctor . . .	What a guy!
Eleanor Burnham . . .	Skippy . . .	Dressmaker . . .	Keeno
Floy Clark . . .	School . . .	School teacher . . .	You would
William Connelly . . .	Bill . . .	Walter Mails II . . .	Hello, kid
Roberta Cox . . .	Robert A. . .	Nurse . . .	O. K.
Isobel Douglas . . .	Izzy . . .	President of U. S. . .	Say, listen
Victor Eld . . .	Vic. . .	Butter and egg man . . .	I dunno
Fay Franklin . . .		Old Gold tester . . .	Cha! Cha!
Mary Hartman . . .	Johnny . . .	Algebra teacher . . .	What's the object?
William Hearne . . .	Doc . . .	Horse doctor . . .	
Ralph Helli . . .		Soda jerker . . .	Homework again
Joyce Hoeft . . .	Pretzel . . .	Saw bones . . .	Foiled again
David Hoyt . . .	Hoyt . . .	Tennis star . . .	
Robert Jeschien . . .	Bob . . .	Fritz Kriesler II . . .	
Jack Jenkins . . .	Red . . .	Chief editor . . .	You and whose army?
Robert Johnson . . .	Bob . . .	Clown . . .	Heh! Heh!
Bernard Knapp . . .	Barney . . .	Romeo . . .	Oh, man
Collins MacPherson . . .	Mick . . .	Peanut vendor . . .	Don't shoot
Helen Murray . . .	Blondie . . .	Shrinking violet . . .	Oh, Billy boy
William Peebles . . .	Hen . . .	Caddie . . .	Toot! Toot!
Theodore Poe . . .	Ted . . .	Opera singer . . .	It's great life if you don't weaken
William Ramsay . . .	Bill . . .	Glass blower . . .	Search me
Laurence Redgewick . . .		Tree sitter . . .	Too bad
Doris Schaeffer . . .		Candy tester . . .	Oh, gee
Otto Schuchard . . .	Red . . .	Sousa II . . .	
Robert Silvas . . .	Bob . . .	Ticket collector . . .	Rip 'em
Curtis Smith . . .	Curt . . .	Speed cop . . .	Step on it
John Spalding . . .	Spalding . . .	Dietician . . .	
Margery Swain . . .	Marj . . .	Gold digger . . .	I'll ask Sue
Robert Weldon . . .	Bob . . .	Tramp . . .	Got a penny?
James White . . .	Jim . . .	Missionary . . .	Get a horse
Robert Wood . . .	Bob . . .	Mattress tester . . .	Tell it to the marines
Hilda Zimmerman . . .	Zinny . . .	French teacher . . .	Last again



MRS. GRAY'S ADVISORY

NAME	NICKNAME	DESTINY	FAVORITE SAYING
Eula Ballard . . .	Lala . . .	Sewing teacher . . .	Who's the latest?
Jeannette Bushnell . . .	Jennie . . .	Vamp . . .	May I speak to Patricia?
Eleanor Carbis . . .	Shrimp . . .	Washing windows . . .	Hello, beautiful
Catherine Durand . . .	Kay . . .	Public speaker . . .	My dear, really?
Betty Eishnauer . . .	Slim . . .	Artist . . .	Got a library permit?
Marion Gallagher . . .	Babe . . .	Opera singer . . .	Does Glee meet today?
Elaine Ginner . . .	Katrinka . . .	Child's tutor . . .	How about a soda? . . .
Marjorie Hiedeman . . .	Dinky . . .	Circus midget . . .	Is that so?
Lillian Hillberg . . .	Sunshine . . .	Miss Hampsher II . . .	Say, listen!
Shirley Johnston . . .	Johnny . . .	Marilyn Miller II . . .	Where's Barney and Irene?
Anna Belle Jagger . . .	Billie . . .	Old maid . . .	I had a swell time last night
Beverly Linden . . .	Lindy . . .	Helen Wills II . . .	No, do it this way
Miriam Morris . . .	Mim . . .	French teacher . . .	What did you do over week end?
Helen Jane Oliver . . .	Cis . . .	Gum tester . . .	You old fool
Betty Read . . .	Stride . . .	Mrs. Gray II . . .	Done your algebra yet?
Betty Schuldt . . .	Skippy . . .	Hair dresser . . .	What did you have for history?
Thama Stewart . . .	Twitch . . .	Chorus girl . . .	Oh! I think he's cute!
Elise Terry . . .	Bonnie . . .	Housewife . . .	Oh, yeah!
Patricia Tudberry . . .	Pat . . .	Journalist . . .	Huh?
Winfield Branstead . . .	Winne . . .	Scout master . . .	Do your duty
Rush Clark . . .	Pansy . . .	Professor . . .	Get to work
Gardner Davenport . . .	Couch . . .	Hash slinger . . .	What a fast one
Junior Farren . . .	Fairy . . .	Hijacker . . .	I'm next
Laurence Gray . . .	Skinny . . .	Rudy Vallee . . .	Love 'em or leave 'em
Stanley Hansen . . .	Handsome . . .	Cigar maker . . .	Roll 'em hot
Howard Harris . . .	Howie . . .	Golf professor . . .	Watch me miss
Oliver Hole . . .	Shrimp . . .	Jimmy Hole II . . .	Take a walk
Richard Hutchinson . . .	Bagears . . .	Latin professor . . .	My dear pupils
Donald Nelson . . .	Don . . .	French instructor . . .	"Parley-vous Francais?"
Ralph Richardson . . .	Morrie . . .	Bartender . . .	Have a drink
Preston Rowe . . .	Red . . .	English teacher . . .	You old horse
Kent Sevier . . .	Mercury . . .	Chiropractor . . .	Says you
Richard Street . . .	Streets . . .	Street cleaner . . .	Climb upon my knee
Frank Tanaka . . .	Lanky . . .	Dog catcher . . .	Nice puppy
Kenneth Ward . . .	Tardy . . .	Man of comfort . . .	I am never late
Sherman Westmier . . .	Whity . . .	Chief bottle washer . . .	Sit down
Walter Whitlock . . .	Drippy . . .	Taxicab driver . . .	"Taxi?"



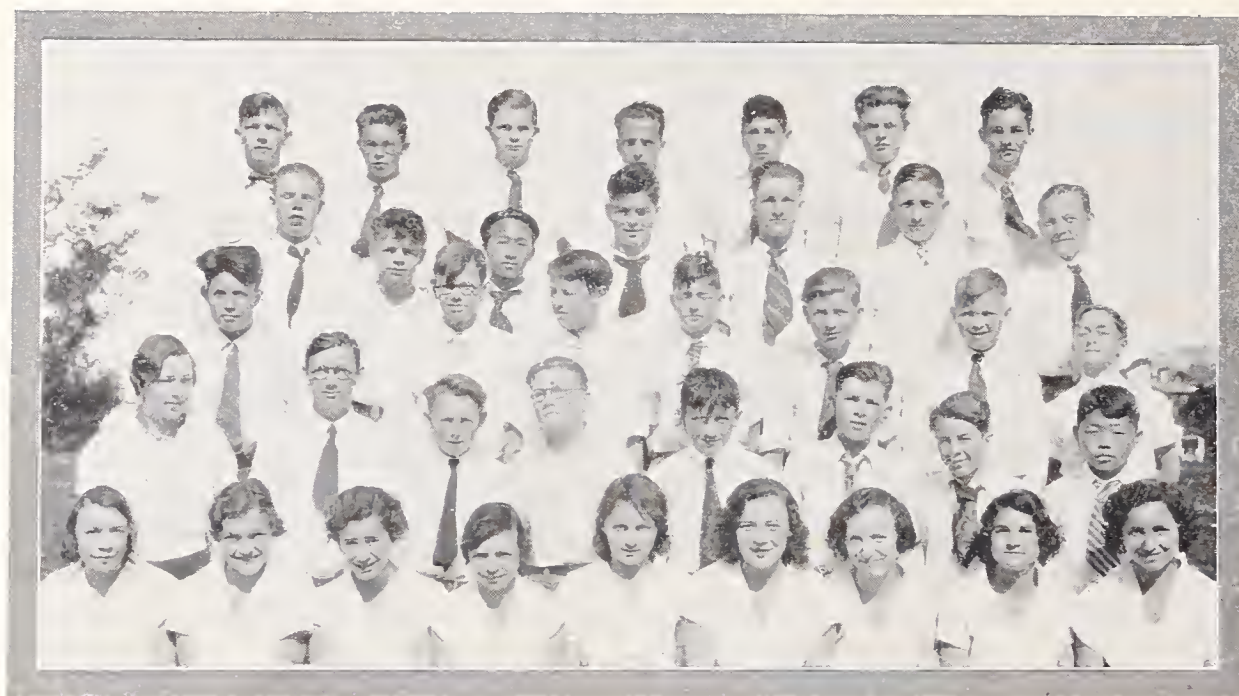
MRS. BRENNAN'S ADVISORY

NAME	NICKNAME	DESTINY	FAVORITE SAYING
Dorothy Barnett . . .	Dot	Secretary	Oh! My English
Leila Baylis	Fluto	Sherlock Holmes II . .	That's snazzy
Frances Beck	Frannie	Private secretary . . .	O. K., baby!
Marian Bernard . . .	Miran	Stenographer	Let's dance
Bernice Bonds	Barney	Divorcee	Oh, heck
Lorna Burgett	Teddy	College co-ed	Oh! You wouldn't kid me?
Olivia Burrows . . .	Martha	Aviatrix	Have you done your Latin?
Dorothy Cugley . . .	Dottie	Stenographer	Oh, Lordy!
Peggy Davis	Peg	Costume designer . . .	Oooo keen!
Virginia Eggleston . .	Ginger	Zoo keeper	Oh, yeah!
Janet Farewell . . .	Woozes	Kindergarten teacher .	Oh, gee
Edna Farrar	Eddie Far	Doctor	Aw, forget it
Patricia Gill	Pat	Actress	Oh, land
Alta Golden	Al	Just a co-ed	Oh, yeah!
Betty Harper	Goofey	Gum tester	O. K., pal
Ruth Hendry	Jinx	Librarian	Oh, how I hate Thursday
Grace Hole	Pudge	Beauty operator	Oh, yeah!
Barbara Hutson . . .	Bobbie	Costume designer . . .	Hello
Dorotha Jones	Dosea	Nurse	Speckled goldfish
Lurene Maddox . . .	Sally	Beauty operator	Oh, how exciting!
Betty Malefyt	Bets	College co-ed	Believe it or not
Adrienne Mithven . .	Breezie	Stenographer	O. K., baby
Betty Milligan . . .	Bet	Private secretary . . .	I hope!
Margaret Ochoa . . .	Muggs	Food tester	Aw, gee
Alice Paul	Skeezix	School teacher	Good gravy
Doris Reed	Dodo	Stenographer	You wouldn't kid me now?
Gail Seeberger . . .		An old maid	Such crust
Nina Sellers	Pat	Cattle rancher	Oh, heck
Aletha Simmons . . .	Lee	Nurse	Now wouldn't that make you sneeze
Winifred Songey . . .	Winnie	Secretary	Do your Algebra?
Norma Vapaa	Tanis	Night club hostess . .	I can't do my Algebra
Betty Wright	Bets	Secretary	Oh, yeah!
Christine Zeus . . .	Teiny	School teacher	You're too young



MISS KIDWELL'S ADVISORY

NAME	NICKNAME	DESTINY	FAVORITE SAYING
Birger Astad . . .	Birg	Movie cowboy . . .	Virginia's cute
David Brissell . . .	Dave	Groom—horse, not bride!	I'll see Bud tonight
Byron Brodrick . . .	Pud	To be tough . . .	Says which?
Russell Buell . . .	Rusty	Actor	Got any myth pictures?
Linton Butler . . .	Lint	Catching butterflies . .	Can I go to the library?
Charles Clayton . . .	Chinatown . . .	A second Tunney . .	I can lick him
Phyllis de Caccia . .	Phil	Spanish teacher . .	May I speak?
Elise de Groot . . .	Dutchy	Fashion artist for Minnie Mouse	I'm going to take my lesson
Don Dickson . . .	Don	Resting	I didn't talk fifth period
Marion Hastings . . .	Snooks	Ping pong champion . .	Good looking, isn't he?
Richard Hawkley . . .	Dick	Cookie salesman . .	I want to know
Donald Heck . . .	By Heck	Goldman II	I toot my own horn
Elinore Hewitt . . .	Micky	Paris dressmaker . .	Where did Lotus go?
Lotus Hewitt . . .	Jessie	Comic strip artist . .	Won't someone bank?
Stellamaris Lypraik . .	Ski	Champion talker . .	I just love Spanish
Nancy Macpherson . .	Mac	Winner in giggling contest	Hey, where's Red McGuire?
Virginia McGuire . .	Irish	Nurse	Wait till you see my handsome patients
Esther Mervin . . .	Billie	Hole puncher for Swiss cheese company	I can't think
James Mugglestone . .	Jim	Public speaker . . .	Get out of my seat
Howard Neighbor . . .	Howie	Movie actor	Where are the girls?
Elton Nippres . . .	Nip	Coach at B. H. S. . .	See you in the counselor's office
Betty Nutt . . .	Pat	College graduate . .	I'd better study
Stanley Palazzi . . .	Bud	Demonstrating sleeping powders	Guess I won't work today
Ethel Phillips . . .	Louie	Business manager . .	I'm typing for Miss Hamsher
Oliver Pitman . . .	Ol	Printer's devil . . .	What's the oral English?
Miriam Quigley . . .	Tippy	Champion at whispering	I didn't say a word
Gwynne Sharrer . . .	Handsome	Honor student at U. C.	Who threw that?
Ruth Sierra . . .	Speedy	Lady cop	May I sit with Elaine?
Frances Streeter . . .	France	Chorus girl	Any errands?
Raymond Stroube . . .	Silent	12 years in H9 history .	What did I do?
Elaine Webb . . .	Miss Elain-ious . .	Parachute jumper . .	My goodness
Glenard Welch . . .	Glen	Spring dancer . . .	He's handsome, too



MISS RILEY'S ADVISORY

NAME	NICKNAME	DESTINY	FAVORITE SAYING
William Abry . . .	Bill	Sheriff in Skull Valley .	Shucks
Eugene Atkin . . .	Dopey	Bell hop	Oh, yeah!
Robert Baldwin . . .	Bob	Austin salesman . . .	Rats
William Boone . . .	Billy Brown . . .	Soap box orator . . .	No you wont
Herbert Carlson . . .	Herbie	Track star	Beat it
Suzanne Chapman . . .	Sue	Phi Beta Kappa . . .	Ask Marge
Joe Clinton	Joe	Missionary	Aw, gwan
John Davies	Johnnie	Desert rat	Aw, for crying out loud
Richard De Roy . . .	Rich	Algebra professor . . .	No running in the hall
Sherman Dietterle . . .	Deet	Tooth pick sharpener . . .	Done your French?
Matthew Duffey . . .	Sonny	Flo Ziegfeld II . . .	My operation
William Durley . . .	Bill	Racketeer	I think you're fooling me
Douglas Elliott . . .	Doug	Bootblack	What's a ferris wheel?
Paul Evans	Pansy	Prop. of "Greasy Spoon"	I didn't do it
Norman Farrell . . .	Norm	Alpine climber . . .	Oh, please
Robert Fletcher . . .	Bob	Gob	Sez you
Sumner Gill	Gillmore	Fiddler	I didn't do nothing
George Halloran . . .	Oscar	Harold Teen	Test today
Robert Iki	Hickey	Editor of Scurvec Gazette	Cut it out
Milton Jefferis . . .	Jeff	Taxi driver	Hook me a myth picture
Margaret Kessing . . .	Muggs	Assistant to Venus . . .	Snazzy
Jeanne Leggett . . .	Leggs	Scandal sheet editor . . .	Oh you know who I mean
Marsden Lemon . . .	Lemon	Chiropractor	Hot stuff
Harold Llewellyn . . .	Scarface	Philosopher	Where's Tania?
Leona Mayer	Lee	Gold digger	Aw the heck
Bert Moller	Pop Eye	Lea's guess	Go on
Marie Naphan	Mizzy	Mme. Schumann-Hienk II	O, really?
Tania Pchelkin . . .	Tiny	Night club dancer . . .	Oh, poof
Hortense Raven . . .	Horse-Sense . . .	Another Helen Wills . . .	What the heck?
Ralph Rawson	Hiram	Sherlock Holmes II . . .	Check and double check
Richard Robie	Dick	Davis cup winner . . .	What am I supposed to do?
Curtis Rocca	Curt	Historian	Bolony
Harriet Rowley . . .	Rowdy	Millionairess	Tell it to Mr. Hennessey
Keong Tom	Tommy	Cow puncher	Yeah?
Adele Van Vechten . . .	Dellie	Man hater	O. Kay
Kistler Wagy	Kiss	Henpecked husband . . .	Wher's Jane?
Pauline Webb	Polly	Dentist in Hades . . .	Women are superior to men
James Whittingham . . .	Whitty	Mounted police	Lend me a magazine
Betty Lou Yelton . . .	Louie	Vampire	Oh, dear!



GARFIELD'S HONOR SOCIETY

Garfield's Honor Society has been getting along very well this year. There are two hundred and seventy-six pupils in the society this term. This is a very excellent record as it is an increase of one hundred and twenty-six pupils over the number in last year's society.

Because of the large increase of pupils, there were not enough pins for every member. On April 10 a dance was held for the purpose of raising funds to buy the remaining number of pins. A substantial amount was raised and now all members have pins.

At the first of the term, an election of officers was held, and the following members were elected: President, Rush Clark; vice-president, Jane Flower; secretary, Betty Read.

On March 26, the ninth grades held their annual spring banquet. This banquet was a big success, being attended by about two hundred and twenty-five pupils, teachers, parents and honor pupils from Berkeley High School and the University of California.

About five weeks before the close of school the eighth grades held their annual party

and two weeks later the seventh grades held theirs. These parties included a short program, a dance and refreshments.

Under the skillful guidance of Mrs. Kilkenny, our Honor Society has made a record showing this year.

TOM A. BITHER.

THE COMMUNITY CHEST

Again Garfield has succeeded in what she started out to do. The Community Chest has been presented with almost a thousand dollars raised by the faculty and student body of our school. This sum was raised by individual contributions and the proceeds from three enjoyable entertainments.

The first entertainment was a program consisting of selected plays from each grade. The Block "G" Society next gave a dance. The third entertainment was a very colorful play presented by Miss Kidwell's advisory called "The Sun Goddess."

This contribution was received with great applause at the Community Chest banquet.

BOB MALLARY.

THE DADS' CLUB

The Dads' Club has helped Garfield very much again this year. Through the help of this fine organization there is no more to pay on the tennis courts. They also sponsor two Boy Scout troops that are led by Mr. Flanders and Mr. Leland, members of our faculty. They gave a very fine program on April 17th and 18th. They also sponsored a dinner for the fathers and mothers of Garfield pupils.

The Dads' Club has a very fine and efficient set of officers, with Mr. Templeton as president. The members are always willing to co-operate and help out in any case.

GEORGE HALLORAN.

THE ADVISORY PLAYS

The talent of many of our students was brought to light during the plays held at the beginning of the term. The pupils as well as the parents were greatly entertained by the members of their own grades. The members of the high nines traveled over land and sea to many different countries. They visited England with Miss Martin, Ireland with Miss Riley, Japan with Miss Kidwell and a very modern American college town with Mrs. Brennan, while the members of the low nines traveled with Miss Fraser and, on a very colorful pirate trip, with Miss Laurens. If one had visited all the plays it would have been very difficult to choose the best because the subjects varied so. Every member of the school had a chance to participate in some play. During the Community Chest drive the whole school had a chance to see small parts from many of the plays.

Some of the advisors chose historical titles, some adventurous and others from famous books and poems. Mr. Hennessey told the school that many of the members of the board of education felt that these advisory plays were well worth the time and effort.

MARY HARTMAN.

THE PARENT TEACHER ASSOCIATION

The Garfield P. T. A., as usual, is making a splendid showing. There are about two hundred and twenty-five members. Mrs. F. H. Yelton is president. The teachers belong 100 per cent and co-operate effectively. Some of the P. T. A. programs have been given by the various classes and glee clubs. The P. T. A. raised money by selling refreshments on Library Day and by giving a large and successful card party. They paid for and made most of the a capella chorus costumes.

Long live the Garfield Parent Teacher Association.

ALETHA SIMMONS.

A WASHINGTON PLAY

Some excellent scenes depicting Washington were given under the direction of Miss Grover on February 21st. There were three scenes: the reception, a tea party, and the ball. All of the characters were well chosen and the scenes seemed very realistic. I am sure everyone enjoyed it immensely. The costumes were charming and many remarked about them.

MARGARET KESSING.

THE CANEY CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER

A few years ago some boys from the Caney Creek Community Center came to Berkeley and spoke in the various churches and schools, asking for aid for the people of the Kentucky Mountains. They made an appeal for help this year, and during the fall semester the seventh and low eighth grade girls under Miss Riley's supervision prepared a Christmas box for them.

Dolls, clothing for old and young, shoes, and toys, were collected by the girls. Old clothes were washed or cleaned, dolls dressed, toys mended, until we had a most attractive box. The Student Association allowed us five dollars for expenses, all of which went for express charges.

So generous was the response to our request for clothing and toys, that we helped to clothe eleven families here in the East Bay as well. The copy of the letter below shows with what appreciation our box was received at Caney Creek and also gives a vivid picture of conditions in the southern mountains.

Caney Creek Community Center, Inc.,
Postoffice, Pippapass, Kentucky,
January 7.

Dear Garfield Junior High School:

Your splendid "Christmassy" package arrived, and we feel that we never can thank you enough for it; and for all that you are doing for us.

Your skirts, your family clothes, your games, your raincoats, your dresses and sweaters, your coats, your sand box, your toys, your dolls, more clothing, your vest, your jackets and everything, were exactly what we wanted and needed most to carry the spirit of "Christmas" to 130 little up-hollow *public schools*, and to make a Christmas tree *HERE*, for the 1500 mountaineers in this district. We had our "*Christmas*" *AFTER* "*Christmas*." We had it *January third* so the women and "younguns" could come, for there is so much shooting and moonshine-liquor abroad on Christmas day that only the men dare go up and down the creeks.

Please know that we are thanking you from the bottom of our hearts and through the increased service we can accomplish through your gifts.

We are still breathless over your wonderful gifts and the joy they brought here.

JUNE BUCHANAN.

"LADY FRANCES"

"Lady Frances," an interesting and enjoyable operetta, was given by Mrs. Brennan's advisory of High Ninth girls. Audrey Haskins played the leading role as the maid Frances. Doris Reed played the interesting role of Bridget O'Harrigan. Short dances and skits were given with many of the songs. The girls wore beautiful dresses. The stage was an array of color. The setting of the stage was arranged by the art department.

Betty Harper managed the curtain and the properties. Some of the girls sang solos, while others took speaking parts. Mrs. Smith kindly directed the operetta and contributed much to the success of the program. The proceeds of the entertainment went into the fund for the publication of the Gleaner.

THE BYRD PICTURES

How would you like to go to a moving picture some evening and see and hear Lincoln deliver his famous Gettysburg address? It is an utter impossibility of the present day. In years to come when Byrd's name is written on the pages of history moving picture audiences will be able to see him make his famous explorations as have the pupils of Garfield.

On Wednesday, February 3rd, the pupils of Garfield, who had paid their advisors their dimes, were privileged to see this marvelous picture.

It was a great improvement over previous pictures shown here for it was a sound picture.

RUTH HEALY.

MAJOR SCHOOF

On Friday, March 6th, Garfield was greatly honored by having Major Schoof with us. His entertainment was quite interesting and very amusing. He told us we could do the same things when we were sixty as we did when we are sixteen, if we take proper care of our bodies.

Several boys were dressed in the costumes of the armors of different countries and periods. He showed us the skins of many animals and snakes. As a whole the entertainment was very profitable and enjoyable.

OUR LIBRARY

Our library at Garfield is one of the most useful departments in our school. We have such a varied selection of books pupils can find help in all their different studies. There is a fine collection for book reports and pleasure reading. We also have many magazines which are in constant use.

There are twenty-two student assistant librarians who help Miss Patton in her various duties. Being an assistant is fun as well as good training. In a library each book has its particular place on the shelf. It is the assistants' duty to keep these in order. We receive knowledge of books and training in keeping records. Aside from assisting in the library we have a class once a week in which we receive library instruction. This is very helpful and interesting. For being assistant librarians for a semester each one receives a point toward the Honor Society.

The Garfield Library is truly a wonderful place.

LA VERNE BURGESS, *Low Eighth.*

THREE TREES

"My scene is a woodland glade. In the center is a beautiful bubbling fountain, surrounded by three trees, there, there, and there."

We have all enjoyed this cantillation. We have also suspected that we were not the first to enjoy it. But did we realize its antiquity? We did not. How could we? It remained for Miss Grover and her high seventh class to render it for us in the original (?) Latin.

TRES ARBORES—*H7 Latin Class*

Scena mea est silva. In loco medio est pulcher fons effervescens, circumventus tribus arboribus, ibi, ibi, et ibi.

Olim mane parvus lepus pulcher per silvam currebat ut parvam sitim pulchram restingeret e pulchro fonte effervescente circumvento tribus arboribus, ibi, ibi, et ibi. Venator errans per silvam parvum leporem pulchrum vidit.

Sed parvus lepus pulcher, ore aqua completa, adventum venatoris non audivit. Bibebat, igitur, e pulchro fonte effervescente, circumvento tribus arboribus, ibi, ibi, et ibi.

Venator arcum sagittamque sustulit et telum misit, terrens parvum leporem pulchrum a pulchro fonte effervescente, sed relinquens tres arbores, ibi, ibi, et ibi.

LA PRIMAVERA

La rosa tiene su fragancia,
Blanca es la paloma,
El naranjo es hermosa,
Y el colores tiene la mariposa.

BEVERLEY KNUDSEN.

"THE FORBIDDEN CONTINENT"

"The Forbidden Continent!" That is what Byrd calls the Antarctic continent. The first dose of the South Polar Regions, the ice pack, may foil any expedition. The treacherous ice pack which easily crushes the strongest ship caught in the betraying leads. The tremendous pressure can destroy the best equipped icebreaker. For an example, take Sir Ernest Shackleton's stout ship, the "Endurance," which was unable to make a passage through the pack, and was held there for months, and was eventually crushed.

Shackleton is probably the most important figure in the history of the Antarctic, and is probably the most often disappointed. In 1908 Shackleton bravely set out with four or five companions to uncover the secrets of the pole. Less than one hundred miles from their goal their rations gave out, and they had to return to their camp.

Nearly three years later, in 1911, Roald Amundsen took five companions and more than sixty dogs and set out for the South Pole. Who but Amundsen would think of taking dogs? All others had taken stout Manchurian ponies. The dogs came through, however, and he arrived at the pole nearly a month before Scott. Scott, using his ponies reached the pole, and started on his return journey, a dejected man.

During this trip he was overtaken by a blizzard. Two of the party took sick, and one died. Scott wrote in his diary: "We cannot go on, and leave men dying." All of his brave party froze to death while they slept.

The most successful Antarctic Expedition was Byrd's. He did everything that he set out to do, and did not lose a man. Even though he returned in a time of unemployment, he saw that each of the men of the party had a job before he started on his lecture tour.

ALFRED MYATT.

THE SCOUT OATH

Translated by Harriet M. Grover

Mei honoris causa, pro viribus meis, optimum faciam ut Deo et patriae officium exsequar, ut iuri exploratoris paream, ut ceteros semper adiuvem, ut validus corpore, mente, honestate sim.

Explorator est fidus, fidelis, auxiliaris, amicus, urbanus, benignus, obediens, laetus, frugalis, fortis, castus, reverens.

A DOG'S LIFE

This morning when I woke up the birds were singing, and the sun was shining brightly. But this didn't mean a thing to me until I had scratched my fleas. It's astounding the way just one little thing can make you feel so much better.

I crawled out from behind the door where I had spent the night, and went out looking for adventures. After I had gone a little way, I saw an old airedale across the street. I crossed over to him and wished him a good morning.

"Well, what is there that's good about it anyway?" he growled.

"Nothing in particular, except that it's better than most mornings," I replied.

We had quite a little argument, when he finally suggested a fight. I readily agreed. He trotted up to me and began a not too gentle sort of pushing. I tried to grab hold of his neck, but he turned away too quickly. Suddenly, I never knew quite how, he got his teeth in my neck, and there they stayed! I jerked and pulled, but they still held on. Finally a man came up and separated us. I was only too glad to go trotting home, with my tail between my legs. I had had enough adventure for one day!

CHRISTINE MATHEWS, *High Eighth*.

GARFIELD BOOKS THAT SHOULD BE WRITTEN

The Monastery—Mrs. Abbott.

The Arrow—Mrs. Archer.

Keep the Fire Burning—Mrs. Bellus.

Beer and Bread—Miss Brubaker.

The Shot Heard 'Round the World—Miss Cannon.

Women's Neckwear—Miss Collar.

Poppies in the Field—Mr. Flanders.

Paree—Miss Gay.

How to Behave—Miss Goode.

Pine Trees—Miss Grover.

The Book of Colors—Mrs. Gray, Miss White, Mr. Hughes.

Our President—Mrs. Hoover.

The Joke Book—Miss Kidwell.

Why I Murdered Him—Mrs. Kilkenny.

The Bird Book—Miss Martin.

A Hero of the Sea—"Commodore Perry."

Haste Makes Waste—Mr. Rushforth.

How to Reduce—Miss Stout.

My Dog's Caress—Mrs. Pettit.

LENORE HENNESSEY, *High Eighth*.

EUCALYPTUS TREES

Standing up against the sky,
Rising high as lark can fly,
Kissed by every vagrant breeze,
Sturdy eucalyptus trees.

Clothed in summer's brightest green,
Never fairer tree was seen.
Or in winter they are still
Monarchs of the dale and hill.

Oh ye trees with outstretched limbs,
Answering all of nature's whims,
Sun and storm have found you strong,
Singing, whisp'ring all day long.

JEANNE EASTMAN.

SILENCE DAY

A Silence Day is loved by all,
There's not a sound in any hall;
On tip of toe we all must walk,
G. S. A.'s hush us if we talk.
But all the teachers are so sweet,
For silence is to them a treat.
The noise they hate,
But it is fate
That Silence Days are quite too rare
The teachers' nerves to often spare.

FRANCES COLBY.

THE ECHO

Through the lonely, eerie twilight,
O'er the hills and vales and pastures,
Lingering on the scented breezes,
Came an echo softly stealing.
Flutelike, haunting, rippling, sighing,
From a shepherd's pipe it floated,
Sometimes sobbing, wailing, moaning;
Through the air it swayed and quivered,
Calling to the wind swept hilltops,
Calling to the golden crescent
Gliding through the starlit heavens.
Softer sang the magic music,
Fainter died the echoing strain,
Till at last it sank to silence,
Never to return again.

JANE FLOWER, *Low Ninth*.

FRIEND

A kindly glance
A friendly smile,
A helping hand,
A friend worth while.

EILEEN HOPPS, *Low Eighth.*

DARK NIGHT

One night, when my studies were done, I went out into the field to play.

It was very dark and the wind howled through the tall grass. A ghostly feeling swept over me. I grew frightened and sat down in a miserable state of mind.

Every mystery play I had ever seen, came to my mind in a whirl: robbers, murderers, and every kind of blood-thirsty men.

What was that? A rustling noise in the high grass back of me! I held my breath, it came nearer, nearer; I dared not look back. What was it? A robber, what?

It was quiet. Had the——? gone away? I sat it seemed for hours; then I ventured to look around.

Cautiously, I turned and there, there sat an old gray cat, which on sight of me began to purr softly.

Hurriedly I hugged the cat and ran into the house. My mother met me at the door and said: "I thought you would be in sooner. We were afraid you might get frightened, but I guess you're too old for that."

I hurried to my room as I said to myself: "If mother only knew."

ROSEMARY LANGHELDT, *High Seventh.*

SIGNS OF SPRING

I hear the rain on my window pane
A welcome April shower,
And once again, in each shaded lane,
Comes forth the dainty flower.

The daffodil on my window-sill,
The gently budding tree,
The greening hill, the bird's sweet trill,
Announce the spring to me.

DORIS MACDONALD, *Low Ninth.*

A POEM TO FIRE

Lift thy pointed spear of yellow,
Lift thy realm of golden light;
Temperamental colors, changing,
Now soft and dull, now loud and bright
Cruel, mocking, laughing fire,
With thy realm of golden light.

LILLIAN HENNESSEY, *Low Seventh.*

THE BERKELEY HILLS

The Berkeley Hills were brown, so brown
Until the rain, came tumbling down.
Then Mother Nature whispered low
And sleeping seeds began to grow.
First a point of green broke out,
Then slender leaves did wave about;
Soon the blades of grass were seen,
Now the hills are painted green.

KATHRYN CLARKE, *Low Seventh*.

The stars are out and so's the moon,
And what you see is as light as noon.
Of course, it is dark in the shady nook,
But it's light as can be by the babbling brook.

The fish can't see very well, I think;
For where they live it's the color of ink.
It's dark down there when the stars are lit,
But they don't mind 'cause they're used to it.

BETTY HAMMOND, *Low Seventh*.

A DEEP SEA SCENE

As far as I could see in all directions was revealed only dark, murky caverns. The sand, upon which I was resting, was covered with small bits of coral and strange creatures. There were small crabs crawling in all directions. Standing like fairy palaces were the homes of white-shelled coral worms. A small devil-fish was in the act of capturing a brilliant sun fish. Large sea weeds of all varieties moved and swayed around me. On the cavern walls, giant octopi hung like spiders. Hairy sea spiders swam about in search of food, and the numberless, small fish quickly swam away at their approach. Was there ever a more unholy place?

KISTLER WAGY, *High Ninth*.

A WINTER NIGHT IN WYOMING

One night during the winter of 1929 was especially beautiful. The snow lay on the ground like a white sheet. The moon goddess, Diana, was gleaming brighter than on any other night. As it was almost as light as day, the trees made fantastic pictures on the snow where the moonbeams peeped through the branches. In the sky, the stars were like millions of tiny, lighted candles trying to outshine the moon. Paths of golden light could be seen here and there on the blanket of snow. Never can there be another night as romantic and alluring.

ELINORE HEWITT, *High Ninth*.

SUMMER IN THE DESERT

The sun beat down upon an endless expanse of burning sand and sagebrush except a few tall, majestic cacti that seemed to be trying to reach the blue sky itself. The rays of the merciless sun were hot enough to burn the toughest of skins. There was not a tree or green sprig of grass in sight, nothing but sand and sagebrush.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON, *High Ninth*.

RETURNING FROM A VACATION

When we return from a vacation, we always love to tell our friends what a glorious time we have had. We never fail to tell them about the beautiful night and how invigorating the air was, minus the mosquitoes. We mention the warm days, but not the cold nights when we didn't have enough blankets.

We say that the swimming was marvelous and that the water was just the right temperature, but we don't mention the fact that the bottom of the lake was slimy and that water snakes were abundant.

We always talk about the fun we had on hikes, failing to mention snakes, steep rocks and hills, burned fingers and food, thorns, the poison oak, and pine needles in our beds.

We always say that the food was delicious, but they don't know about the ants which spoiled most of the meals.

We display our glorious bronzed skin, but somehow we forget to mention the fact that we peeled for many agonizing weeks before we acquired that bronze.

Our friends are always very excited and want to go to the same place we did for their vacation. If they do, I hope the poor things won't suffer as much as we did.

ALEIDA VORNHOLT, *High Eighth.*

SUMMER PLEASURE

Oh, don't you remember last summer, my dear,
Our camp by the old millstream?
That freedom has spoiled me for school work this year,
It seems like a terrible dream.
And after awhile I will wake from my sleep,
And see the old tent in the shade;
The clothes and dishes all piled in a heap,
The table that wobbled and swayed.

Oh don't you remember the "chiggers," my love,
And the burrs that grew up on the cliff;
The many mosquitos that hovered above,
The black snake that frightened me stiff?
So well I remember the hot dusty road,
That we tramped in bathing-suits wet;
The leaky old boat that we patiently towed,
The fish that we never did get.

JANE FLOWER, *Low Ninth.*

A SNOW BALL

A snow storm reminds me of millions of tiny fairies, who come in silver dresses to attend Mother Nature's annual winter ball. Trees, houses, telephone poles are all the partners at the ball. The wind is the piper, and when he plays, the dance floor (which is the ground) becomes a riot of silver and white against the blue tapestry of the sky. Fall's gorgeous reds and yellows, or spring's panorama of colors to me cannot compare with the dazzling beauty of a snow storm.

JANE SCOVIL, *Low Seventh.*

SPRING

Green hills,
Green trees,
Golden sunshine,
Bumble bees,
Other signs,
And all of these
Show it's Spring.

Flowers bloom,
An April rain,
Singing birds,
A shady lane
Show that we've
Not hoped in vain,
Spring is here.

LILIAN HENNESSEY, *Low Seventh.*

DISRAELI

Disraeli was born a Jew and though he became a Christian in name, his heart was always with his people, and the glory of his race was his secret pride. He delighted in the irony of associating with the people who worship a Jew as their Savior, yet despised the Jews.

One of his favorite comments was, "All sensible men are of one religion."

When asked, "And what is that?" he replied, "Sensible men never tell."

When twelve years of age he showed an intense desire for mastery which was, through life, his outstanding trait. Disraeli attended school for one year during which time he felt himself superior to everyone in the school, master included — and he was. He split the school into two factions, those who followed him, and those who opposed him. After leaving school he laid out, with his father's help, a course of work that kept him studying for ten hours a day. At eighteen years of age he was at home in any company, gave his opinion unasked, flashed his wit, and criticised his elders. Neither he nor his father believed in dumb luck. They fixed their faith in cause and effect.

His egotism was so great that it was admirable. When he was jeered down in the House of Commons, he smiled and said, "Very well, I will wait." He knew his power. Defeat meant merely a passing episode; his goal was victory.

His oratory was quiet, deliberate, and subdued in manner. He learned through his experiences that loud speaking was unnecessary.

Disraeli chose men of power for antagonists. If small men sought to draw him into debate he would just answer them with silence or his tantalizing smile.

Disraeli believed that "honesty was the best policy," and his record contained no taint of dishonesty. It is said he had no vice but ambition.

Disraeli did not carry out all the plans and reforms he attempted but his personal ambition was reached when he, a Jew at heart, had made himself master of the fleets, armies, and treasury of the proudest Christian nation the world has ever known.

ROBERT WOOD, *High Ninth.*

O-HE-TA-YA

(BRAVE)

He was a full-blooded Indian of the Blackfoot tribe. As he sat beside me looking towards the setting sun, his high forehead and firm chin stood out well in profile. He was about fifty years old, yet as lithe and limber as a young man.

His name was O-he-ta-ya. This means "brave." He had aptly proved his name in his younger days. Now, compelled to end his days in a reservation, he thought he had no chance to live up to his name. But I think he has. It is not easy to be calm and cheerful when one sees one's race rapidly disappearing, to be tolerant towards the laws of the white man that seem to be full of injustices for one's people. It is not easy to resist the temptations that beset a despised Indian, and remain as clean and strong as the older Indian before the white man.

He showed me his headband, made by his mother. On it were beaded his symbols. The mountain, for strength; the hand, for service; the arrow, for unswerving purpose. This headband he cherished. The symbols had shaped his life and character.

JOYCE HOEFT, *High Ninth.*

TO A DOG

I have a friend who is kind and true,
A friend who helps me when I'm blue.
He comes to greet me every day,
In a very friendly way.

He's only a dog, but do you know?
He's always with me where're I go.
He's always faithful swift and brave,
And guards me all the livelong day.

He seems to know when I'm sad
And tries to cheer and make me glad.
Tho' other friends may come and go,
With a faithful dog it is not so.

HAMDEN FORKNER, *High Seventh.*

CHILDREN

Some children are naughty, some children don't care;
Some children won't wash, some won't brush their hair;
Some children are happy, some children are sad;
Some children are good, some children are bad;
Some children are saucy, some children are bold;
Some play in water, then they catch cold;
Some children won't study, and others delight,
In shirking their work and stay out at night;
Some children won't do as their mothers say,
Then they are punished in some severe way;
But to all mothers, their children dear,
Are sweet and kind, throughout the year.

NANCY WHITLOCK, *Low Eighth.*

THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN

The right was his
To take the ball
With all he had
Through that human wall.

He gripped his hands,
The game was at stake
For his Alma Mater
And everything to make.

The ball was shot
He gave a sign
The tacklers missed
He cleared the line.

He staggered on
Half-trot half-run
He crossed the goal
The game was won.

DICK HEMP, *High Seventh*.

RAIN

I stood at the crest of a hill one day,
Just at the sunset hour,
And watched the clouds go drifting by,
Each holding a crystal shower.

As night came on the clouds grew gray,
And on my window pane,
I heard a soft sharp tapping sound,
The clouds were scattering rain.

The lightning flashed, and streaked the sky
The thunder roared the whole night long,
The wind whistled and howled and shrieked,
'Till a calm came after the storm.

With morning came a wondrous change,
All nature seemed to beam,
What had been dead the day before,
Was now a sparkling green.

The birds were singing in the trees,
And butterflies danced on the flowers,
All the world sent its praises to Heaven,
For God who sent the showers.

EILEEN HOPPS.

JUST A BOAT RIDE

We had started on our boat ride. Perhaps not the kind of boat ride you expected, but a boat ride, nevertheless.

The giant air ferry amphibian, Standard Oil owned plane, carried us soaring ever higher over beautiful San Francisco Bay.

We were up for a half-hour ride with nobody to interrupt us. How could they, anyway, when we were at a height of five thousand feet above the bay?

As we roared our way through the cloudless skies I looked below. Everything seemed so small, houses were toys, men were ants, cars reminded me of sow-bugs, while ships were toothpicks. The wide, broad streets of San Francisco made me think of threads among mounds of dirt, while the great San Francisco Bay reminded me of a dot of water on a relief map.

I looked ahead and watched the pilot. It seemed to me there were hundreds of instruments. While we were sailing through the air, twenty minutes were up. The plane nosed toward Alameda field. The pilot cut the motor. We seemed to zoom down like a bird of prey upon its unsuspecting victim. Then we landed.

That was the end of my first boat ride.

WALLACE MACFARLANE, *Highb Seventh.*

"MY GRANDMOTHER"

A gentle, sweet, unselfish lady,
Blessed with love's most perfect grace,
Who in spite of tears and sorrow,
Keeps a cheery, kindly face.

Finding peace in love's content,
With her fascinating ways,
Tells us oft amusing stories
Of her quaint old-fashioned days.

Always is a charming figure,
By the cheery fireside,
In her dress of pale soft lilac,
Trimmed with lace, and ribbon-tied.

CARA SAWYER, *Highb Eighth.*

Through the shadows softly sifting,
Hiding from the moonbeams drifting,
Where the gentle dew is falling,
Where the drowsy birds are calling,
Where the flowers their petals fold,
Neath the oak tree, bent and old,
Breathless, can't you hear the beating,
As of fairy footsteps fleeting?
Pausing now, it loiters, lingers,
Touching with its unseen fingers
Walnut creams and dark molasses.
Softly, up the vale it passes.

“SIR ARTHUR DE MAYES”

I

Once long ago in the medieval days
There was a poor knight named Sir Arthur de Mayes.
That cowardly man was as thin as a rail;
He felt like a flea in his dull coat of mail.

II

He'd vision himself on the fastest of steeds,
Riding at war, doing brave daring deeds.
He pictured himself in an armour of mesh
That fitted him snugly as skin fits the flesh.

III

He dreamed of a figure so hearty and hale,
Graceful and shapely, and strong as a gale,
A cruel face with a thick curly beard;
A nature so fierce that he'd always be feared.

IV

Just then from outside a surly voice said,
“You open your door or you will soon be dead.
Just open that door, and step on the gas.”
And Arthur, on hearing, turned greener than grass.

V

“My soul!” cried poor Arthur, “Oh what shall I do?
I wish I was tiny—I'd hide in my shoe,
I must quickly do something to save my poor head.”
So knightly de Mayes disappeared 'neath the bed.

VI

The poor man did tremble; so hard did he quake
That the large bed above him did vi'lently shake.
And when he did hear heavy blows on the door,
His false teeth did chatter, and fell on the floor.

VII

“Oh, dear,” sighed Sir Arthur, “that was a new set.”
And when voices outside cried, “de Mayes we shall get,”
The bed that was shaking, now danced a jig;
And Arthur so trembled, he shook off his wig.

VIII

Just at that moment down thundered the door,
And through that torn opening, knights seemed to pour.
“Look,” said one Gray Beard, “Look at that hair
And look at the teeth scattered under the chair.”

IX

“What,” said the knights, “can have happened in here?”
“I say,” said the Gray Beard, “that spirits are near.
Look at that bed o'er there, shaking with might
And I see not a person around here, in sight.”

X

"But," said Sir Joseph, "'Tis murder I fear.
Who's heard of spirits when humans are near?
Sir Arthur's been murdered and carried away
And his spirit is under the bed that doth sway."

XI

"A ghost," cried these brave knights. "We must tell the king
Before we're enchanted by this ghastly thing."
So with great bursts of speed frightened knights left the room
To tell of the spirits and Sir Arthur's doom.

XII

They raced down the hall, and did fly down the stair
Away from that room and the ghosts hiding there;
Their trembling and hurried footfalls died down fast
And Arthur came out of his hiding at last.

XIII

When Arthur crawled out from way under his bed;
There was dust an inch thick from his feet to his head.
Along with the dust he had fam'lies of fleas
Who played hide and seek from his neck to his knees.

XIV

"I think," said de Mayes, "from this castle I'll fly,"
And on wondering how, he a window did spy.
He jumped through that window and sped down the lane
And folk thereabout saw him never again.

Story by DOROTHY REDDY.
Versification by MIRIAM PHILLIS.

READING THE NEWSPAPER

A noise is heard in the direction of the front porch and everybody runs towards it. There is found the newspaper, folded neatly and waiting to be read.

Father is the first one to read the paper. He wants it folded nice and neatly so he can find the sections he wants. He first turns to the stocks and bonds. Then the news of the day. The comic section comes next.

When mother gets the paper she turns to the feature page. There she picks up a few fashions and even some delightful recipes. The news next attracts her attention and then the comic strip.

Big sister first turns to the society page. Then the fashion page attracts attention from her. She next turns to the comic page.

The first thing brother does is to turn to the sport page. There he reads about the happenings in the sport world and his favorite baseball team. The comic page is next on his list. He does not bother with the news.

Little brother and sister first turn to the funny page. Then the sport page attract their attention. In the sport page they read about their favorite baseball player.

Thus we see that we all have our own ways of reading the newspaper.

CARL WILSON.

THE REALMS OF NEPTUNE

Far down in the deep blue sea
Father Neptune reigns supreme,
In his hand he holds the key
To sea, the lake, the stream.

Maids and mermen round him swim,
Gathering silvery shells with care,
Waiting on his every whim,
Giving him his daily fare.

Flying dolphins ride the foam,
Heads flying high, in state of glee;
O'er their watery home they roam,
Skipping, leaping, wild and free.

Far down in the deep blue sea
Father Neptune reigns supreme,
In his hand he holds the key
To sea, the lake, the stream.

ELISE DE GROOT, *Highb Ninth*.

THE DEER HUNT

One evening, when I was visiting a friend's house, we told of some of our experiences. This is one that he told:

"About two years ago, I went on a deer hunt with some friends in the Rocky Mountains. It had snowed the day before. It would be easy to get lost, so we had to keep together. We had hunted for awhile, when I discovered some fresh deer tracks. I didn't think the deer was far so I followed them. I was so interested in the tracks that I didn't notice how far I was from my friends. When all of a sudden it began to snow. I then noticed how far I was and the snow had covered the tracks going back. Then, I hallooed to see if I could get response but heard nothing so I realized I was lost. I cut some wet boughs for a bed, and finally started a fire. I didn't have any blankets, and it was very cold that night. After a long while, the morning came. I got up and looked around and guess what I saw. Not more than ten feet away behind some bushes, there was my camp, my wood for the fire, my warm bed and my friends still asleep."

PRESTON BASSETT, *Highb Seventh*.

SUMMER TIME

The vagrant breezes stir the leaves,
The bees are humming near,
The flowers bloom among the grass
A sign that summer's here.

The sun sends softly warming rays
Down from the cloudless sky,
All those on earth are filled with joy
And summer's praises cry.

LENORE HENNESSEY, *Highb Eighth*.

THE LITTLE INDIAN GIRL

"Tell us a story, grandmother, about when you were young, please," urged the two eight-year-old twins.

"All right, I'll tell you about the little Indian girl we found when we were going west.

"I was only twelve years old then, but I remember it perfectly. It was very hot and we were crossing a long, flat plain, all the children were running along side of the wagons laughing and playing when suddenly the leaders stopped. Everyone ran forward to find out the trouble. The leaders had found a little Indian girl, who was very weak from hunger.

"The little Indian girl gave us quite a bit of excitement for a few days. She could only speak a few words of English so we understood very little of what she said. But we kept her because we didn't know where to leave her and she was still weak.

One night, after a long day's ride across the plains, the wagons had formed the usual circle around the big campfire, and most of the tired women and children had retired, and the men were slowly leaving the campfire, one by one. Suddenly a war whoop was heard, then another. It was quickly followed by a volley of arrows. Indians!

"The men were taken by surprise as they had had no warnings from the Indians at all, and the mountains around were supposedly free from hostile Indians.

"The men quickly seized their guns and shot blindly at the Indians from behind anything available. The Indians advanced and had soon killed two men and wounded many others.

"I stood with my mother and my sister among the rest of the trembling women and excited children of the train. We were all terribly excited. I was more excited than afraid as we had never been attacked by Indians before and I didn't know the danger.

"Suddenly, the little Indian girl, who was still weak, ran forward and gave a short cry, quickly followed by a long one. The arrows stopped instantly and the little girl repeated the cries. Two braves came from out of the dark and took the child away with them. The Indians then disappeared.

"We never saw the little girl again, but we all felt we owed the rest of our safe journey across the plains to her, because we were never attacked by Indians again."

GAIL SEEBURGER, *High Ninth*.

"SPRING IN JAPAN"

The purple spring haze is covering the far distant Fujiyama and the mountains which surround her.

The cherry trees that line the river and cover the hillside present a glorious spectacle of pink and white. The garden, which surrounds the house, is filled with many kinds of spring flowers. Even the little nameless flowers are stretching their petals and leaves, telling us that "Spring is here." The warbling of cheery songsters gives a signal for the full outburst of spring-tide glory.

Out in the green fields, there are a number of young maidens picking little yellow dandelions and lotus flowers, to twist them into garlands. Some of them are singing a spring song.

MASA SUGIURA, *Low Ninth*.

MY MOTHER

A woman, tall and graceful,
Beautiful as can be,
Helping in every way,
And never cross with me.

She finds time for all her work,
And church and charity,
Time to visit all her friends,
Or have them in for tea.

She seems to always have a smile,
Even though she's feeling bad,
For everyone of us at home,
From baby up to Dad.

I think she is most wonderful
And indeed there is no other
Woman on this earth of ours,
To me just like my mother.

JANE DE ROY, *High Seventh.*

THE ELK

Far out on the meadows a large male elk was bugling a challenge to any other bulls of his kind, who disputed his leadership of the herd. Out came another elk and these two majestic animals lowered their heads and charged. The battle was long and fierce, with hoofs flying and antlers clashing. Finally, however, the leader's greater experience began to tell, and at last the other elk had to run. Then the leader turned and with one triumphant bugle, to tell the world of his victory, led his band to better feeding grounds.

BERTRAM SCARBOROUGH, *High Seventh.*

THE LAND OF KITES

I'd love to live in the land of kites
And always see such pretty sights.
See kites floating in the air,
Floating here, and floating there;
Big kites, small kites, middle-sized, too,
Red and green and white and blue.
The wind would always blow just right
To lift up every kind of a kite,
And make them fly graceful and high,
Way, way up in the sky
And late at night, it is said,
They take them down and go to bed.

FRANK MERO, *High Seventh.*

THE STORM

Crash! The sound rang out amid the screaming of the gale and the shouts of the sailors. The top gallant on the foremast had split, and now it came to the deck with the speed of a comet.

The vessel was of the clipper type, long, thin and high, she was bound from the Ivory Coast to New York with a cargo of ivory, when a gale had caught her with all sails spread. She was about three hundred miles off the southeast coast of Cuba.

She had been riding in a steady wind until a half hour before the storm, and then she was caught in a dead calm. Then the storm struck. With the speed of a hawk it pounced on the helpless ship; with the fury of the gods it pounded on her oaken sides; it wrenched and strained her to the innermost timber; she shook like a puppy before a great hound. Her sails were torn to ribbons, her masts and spars were split and cracked and the decks at the base were tearing loose under the giant-like strength of the gale; the rudder was turning listlessly in the helmsman's hand and the ship was like a blind thing.

But onward she plunged, this way and that. Leaping like a frightened doe, she plunged into a wave, shook her mighty head and repeated the action. Many times was this repeated, each wash of a new wave bringing another problem for the God-fearing sailors who were working like mad to save the ship and its cargo. Rudderless, the ship swung this way and that. It careened and rolled like a drunken thing. Her sides were sprung, her deck cargo was washed overboard, and she was anything but the proud ship that had left just twenty-nine days before for New York.

The captain was frantic. He wanted to save his ship and men. There seemed no way to do it. He ordered a life boat launched, but as soon as it touched the water it was dashed to pieces against the side of the vessel.

On rode the ship, settling lower, and lower into the water. It would not be long now. Suddenly mounting higher and higher on the crest of a wave she pointed her head skyward and plunged. Like an arrow she went down. Another victim of Neptune's wrath. But to the people another unsolved mystery of the sea.

GEORGE WILLS, *Low Ninth.*

SPUNKY

He is black and white and has hazel eyes, also a tail nine inches long. His face is nicely shaped and his ears are pointed and cunning. I have now introduced you to my pussy cat, one of the younger set of cats in our neighborhood.

He is very affectionate at times, although he is often a lively, mischievous cat. Sometimes you will wake up in the morning and hear a pitiful "Meow" at the door, and so you are sorry for him and let him in. Now you've done it, if he is in a lively mood. Of course if he is in a nice, loving mood you are all right, but if not, woe is you, for biting fingers is his specialty.

Adventure was born in him, for he loves to run across the street and go into the neighbors' yards and gardens. Also he likes to make you mad, I sometimes think, by going under our next door neighbor's front stairs, when you want him, or else under a parked car.

His only bad habit is looking at our canary bird, and of course making the bird very nervous, but we soon hope to break him of that.

A nut, a ball of string, a piece of paper are things he is fond of. Closets, cupboards, drawers, and so forth are also to his liking.

Pussy is only a few months old, and I hope he will live to be a lively cat.

PATRICIA RUSHTON. *High Seventh.*

MY DAY

R-r-r-r-ring! The Alarm clock! I started, but, oh! Today is "My Day," I said to myself. I knocked the alarm clock out of commission and went back to bed. In five minutes I was dreaming.

In my dream I sailed out of San Francisco Harbor, for a trip around the world. Half way to Hawaii I felt like swimming so I dove into the ocean and swam the rest of the way. I wasn't tired at all. I flew over the volcano, stopped, and looked down. Hot! I climbed down the inner side. Whew! Hot! Hot! I gave myself one big push. I was out again. A man was coming my way. His skin shown brightly in the moonlight. He had a bunch of fuzzy hair and fierce looking eyes. He held a gleaming dagger in his hand. It flashed in the moonlight, its rays penetrating the darkness. I was frightened and shivering. I tried to run and yelled, "Come on Moses!" I could not run at all, my feet slipped with every step. My legs felt like lead, but moved fast, about seventy-two revolutions per second. The terrific rate of my legs wore a hole in the ground. I was sweating. Next moment I was on the boat again.

I opened my eyes. The dream was over, as it always would be, at an interesting moment. I got out of bed and dressed. I went out, mounted my bike, and sped down the road to romance. A man about 99 years old was skating down University Avenue. I was very hungry, so I went into a store and said, "Give me two bags of candy." The storekeeper replied, "You bet your life, boy." He gave me the bags. I was walking out of the store, when he yelled, "You haven't paid me yet." I said, "That's all right, I'll let you give them to me, and besides, I said, 'Give me the bags of candy!'"

As I was going some, I smelled something good that invited me into a restaurant. I went in and sat at a table beside two men, and ate to my heart's content. The two men tried to decide which one would pay my bill. One said, "I'm Grasshopper, I'll pay it." The other replied, "But my dear sir, don't you think it a good plan for me to pay his bill?" The other said calmly, "Oh yes, but you know that I am richer than you." The other said in a fast streaming voice, "I know that you are richer, richer in the rotten part of your brain, which is the limited amount of space in your head!" Mr. Grasshopper said in a low, business-like tone, "Man, thou brother of a monkey, didst thou mean what thou hast said to me?" "Yes, my dear sir," said the other. The conversation grew hotter and hotter, till it reached the boiling point. Then the ambulance came, and the two kind Englishmen were put in it. The cashier said to me, "Glad you came. Come again, some other time, not too soon, because we'll have a lot of repairs to make."

Then I went home and played with my brothers for a long time, when one of them accidentally hit me hard. Today was My Day, so I socked him back with all the strength with which nature provided me. I felt that there was no law against it. Then I went to bed and read about a trip to Mars. Before long I was asleep.

TETSUO HAYASHIDA, *High Eighth*.

AS THE DAY IS DONE

Sunset throws its ruddy hues
On the flaky clouds,
Now the gentle twilight
The silent town enshrouds.
Softly o'er the hilltop
The evening fog doth creep;
Bird and beast, and mankind
Settle down to sleep.

FRANCES COLBY,
High Eighth.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

The wind was howling and the rain was pouring down, but this did not affect Ben Johnson who trudged along the muddy road. Ben Johnson was a boy of fourteen years and was quite popular at school. He was liked by everyone of his classmates and was always active in games of any kind.

His thoughts were of home as he sadly plodded along. He thought of the warm supper his mother was putting on the table at that time. "Those hot doughnuts and the baked potatoes. Oh! they were so good." But then he remembered the scolding his father and mother had given him for his report card. Ben had had difficulty with some of his teachers, and for talking so much during classes he failed in three subjects. It was hard for Ben to refrain from talking, as he had so much to say to his friends. But Ben couldn't stand to be scolded by his parents so he ran away from home to earn his way through the world.

A large package was under his arm containing the necessary articles that he needed and his treasured keepsake. Ben was soaked to the skin and was shivering from the cold winds. As he anxiously looked for a shelter for the night he heard a car coming at full speed down the road. He walked to one side and continued his journey paying no attention to the car. The car stopped suddenly, and there were his father and his worried mother.

Ben forgot the scolding he received and ran to his father's arms. It wasn't long till they were home and Ben was eating those hot doughnuts and the baked potatoes. Ben then resolved never to run away from home again.

CATHERINE COBB, *Low Seventh.*

VALENTINES THEN AND NOW

Long, long ago,
When ladies wore
Their skirts down to their feet,
And stately knight
Was quite a sight
With wig and lace complete,

Oh! then 't was hard
for knight or lord
To kneel before his choice,
And try to ask
Her to be his
In weak and trembling voice.

And now if I
Should ever try
To do what did the knight,
You'd say to me,
"Get off that knee.
You look a perfect fright!"

ADELE RYAN, *Low Ninth.*

CHARACTER SKETCH

Born in the high mountains of Switzerland, Valentine Vordermeier has always loved the wilderness. He has lived in the high mountains of Northern California for over forty years. His solitary life in the woods brings him close to the things of nature, and he loves them more than anything in the world. The salt lick in front of his cabin has visitors every night, and the deer have such confidence in him that they walk into his cabin frequently, looking for salt.

He works hard every day in his gold mine and he eats just enough to keep himself alive. He is very clean and neat, his cabin always being spick and span. He is a character anyone would like to know.

GWYNNE SHARRER.

THE DEATH OF A DOG

A shriek of brakes is heard, a cry rends the air. The big car stops, a man gets out, reaches under it and pulls forth a small, brown mongrel pup.

His eyes are open, staring up, up into the bright blue sky. They seem to say, "Help me! Can't you see I'm hurt? Oh! It pains me so." Would no man help him? No, it was his time to go—he was beyond hope.

His tail wagged feebly as the hand of death crept upon him—a last attempt to remain in this world. It was no use. He cast one last look about him and then the glassy stare of death crept into his eyes.

The man got back into the car after throwing the little dog into the gutter, and remarked, casually: "Just another dog."

TRAVIS BOGARD, *Low Ninth*.

TO A PYRAMID

What mystery lies hid
Midst your huge pile of stone?
For whom were you built
Whose spirit has now flown
These many ages past?
What scenes have you witnessed
Through the centuries long,
As you stood there alone
And heard the wind's song.
Or its wild sandy blast?

MARRY PHILLIPS.

GOLD

Hateful and repulsive
Yet dwelling in our minds
Beautiful, enticing,
Like some god enshrined.

Searched and hunted after,
Yet what misery has it brought,
Wretchedness and torture,
While its hoards are being sought?

MARRY PHILLIPS.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

Through the two short years of his young life, Zip had never felt the touch of a human hand. Zip was a black stallion and lived a wild life on the plains of Colorado. He was so named by the cowboys because of his speed and intelligence.

Near the bunk-house of the Double-Cross Cattle Ranch sat a group of cowboys. They were all tired but gay. That day marked the end of the spring round-up.

"Get out your Jew's-harp and give us a tune, Jim," drawled a tall, thin cowboy. Jim took the precious object from his pocket and started playing a wild cowboy tune. They all joined in on the chorus and a happier group of people would have been hard to find. Jim stopped playing and said, "Say, fellows, the round-up's over and I'm goin' to have that horse."

"Not if I get him first," spoke up another.

Long after the others were asleep, Jim lay awake thinking and talking to himself. "Last summer when I chased him, he went up on that ridge above Mooney's Flat. If I could get him up there and put a rope across, I'd have him. I'll take young Billy along. It would be pretty hard to do alone."

They traveled for three days without seeing one of Zip's hoof-prints. Early the fourth day they saw the group he always ran with coming towards them with the beautiful, black stallion in the lead. When the horses were within a quarter of a mile of where the men were hidden, the stallion stopped as if he had been shot. He had scented his worst enemy—man!

"You know what to do and when," shouted Jim over his shoulder, for he had started to turn Zip, who had started over the mountain at a wild pace. Late that evening, Billy heard the pounding of horses' hoofs on the hard rock. His whole body seemed to tighten for action. He was ready. The horse came running, stopped at the entrance to the trap, and to their dismay took the wrong trail. In a few minutes he returned, looking wilder than ever and went straight into the trap. Billy quickly put the rope across and waited. Soon Jim came riding at a full gallop. The foam running from his horse's body showed fast riding.

"What made him turn back?" gasped Jim between breaths.

"Don't know unless he saw the fire I made to make some coffee," replied the other.

They both mounted their horses and started slowly to approach their prize, with ropes in hand. The horse stood quivering. Before him was a deep gorge. Behind him were two men, who meant captivity.

"Go easy, Bill," panted the excited Jim. They were within twenty feet of the beautiful creature when he lifted his black, silken head, let out a wild scream, and plunged to the depths below. He preferred death to captivity.

AELETHA SIMMONS, *High Ninth*.

A RIDE

Johnny went out for a ride.
The rain was raining fast.
The car with Johnny began to slide,
Of Johnny that was the last.

There is a tomb now on the hill,
And engraved upon its side
Is, "Johnny went out in an automobile,
And the car began to slide."

JAMES HART, *Low Ninth*.



THE A CAPELLA CHORUS

Under the wonderful direction of Mrs. Smith the sixty members of the a capella chorus have pleased many clubs and audiences this term. The P.-T. A. gave them new gowns and monograms which are very becoming. The a capella sings without accompaniment, and does very well.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Johnson, has an unusual membership this year. There are ninety members and each member has done her part splendidly. They have helped in the Community Chest program, the open house, and the May meeting of the P.-T. A. Mrs. Bellus is accompanist.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club with Mrs. White at its head had a membership of seventy-five boys. They entertained the P.-T. A. twice and sang for the open house on April 21. Mrs. White has done splendid work with her boys and she can be very proud of them. Mrs. Bellus was accompanist.



GARFIELD ORCHESTRA



GARFIELD BAND

OUR ORCHESTRA

The Garfield Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Minzyk, has forty-nine members. Many different instruments are represented: the string instruments, violins, cello, string bass, and piano; the wood winds, clarinet, oboe, flute, bassoon, and saxophone; the brass instruments, corner, French horn, trombone, tuba, and sousaphone; and the percussion instruments.

The orchestra plays at many different places for various occasions. We shall play in the school auditorium for Music Week, April 22, and for graduation, in June.

JUNE HAMM.

THE GARFIELD BAND

In spite of the loss of a few of our best members, our band has been progressing very well, due to the excellent leadership of Mr. Minzyk and the cooperation of the students and faculty. We have a membership of over sixty. We meet on Tuesday and Thursday, with frequent special meetings. We have made several public appearances.



GIRLS' 115's

THE CALENDAR

- January 5—School begins. Hurrah!
- January 7—Basketball practice starts.
- January 9—Big Boy Comedy and a Felix Cartoon at noon.
- January 12—Subject Program Cards to make out. Be careful.
- January 13—Noon Leagues start today. Win those numerals!
- January 15—Mr. Hennessey speaks over the radio.
- January 22—Dance in Cafeteria.
- February 3—Byrd picture at noon. B-r-r-r-r.
- February 13—Holiday for Lincoln's Birthday.
- February 18—Day of Silence. S-h-h-h.
- February 20—Honor Society officers elected.
- February 23—Holiday for Washington's Birthday. We sure hate these holidays.
- February 24—Report cards today. What!! No A's!!
- February 25—Community Chest program. Give till it hurts.
- March 6—Major Schoof's program.
- March 7—Kite-flying contest.
- March 9—Hearing test. Clean out your ears.
- March 20—Another beloved Day of Silence.
- March 25—Lady Francis, a singing operetta.
- March 26—Honor Society banquet.
- March 28 to April 6—Easter Vacation and Swimming Lessons.
- April 6—Baseball Noon League start. Apple machines installed.
- April 9—Spelling test. I before E except after C.
- April 10—Dance in Gym.
- April 17 and 18—The one and only Hindustan.
- April 21—Open House this evening.
- April 23—Chief Lemee, an Indian, gives War Dances.
- April 25—Pet Show.

JAMES WITTINGHAM.



GIRLS' TENNIS



GIRLS' 95'S



GIRLS' UNLIMITED



GIRLS' 105'S



BOYS 95'S



HAND BALL



BLOCK "G" SOCIETY



BOY'S 105'S



VARSITY



MIDGETS



BOY'S UNLIMITED



BOY'S 115'S

SPORTS

The sports as a whole have been very successful this year. The basketball teams placed second to Edison, who annexed first place. The practice season was very successful, Garfield winning all but their games with the lightweight teams from Berkeley High and Saint Mary's, but as those teams have had much more experience, this can be overlooked. Garfield boys on the teams played their annual games with the Longfellow and Roosevelt Junior Highs of Richmond, winning the games by a very small score. They also played the Herbert Hoover Junior High of Albany, defeating them. Garfield entered the inter-city league handicapped by many cases of sickness. The result was that they lost some of the games that they should have won, but the games were all very close; the games were much closer than last year, as the teams were better balanced. The teams had to be satisfied at winning second place in the league. After the season was over, the 115 and unlimited teams made their annual pilgrimage to Vallejo, where two hotly contested games were played with the Washington Junior High School. Garfield boys lost by a small score, but were in the game from the start to the gun. After the game, both squads went on a tour of the navy yards, and the city in general, climaxing one of the most successful seasons that Garfield has ever had, even though they did not win a championship.

The tennis team, which is composed of eight men, two doubles teams and four singles, has had so far, two matches with Richmond, which were divided between the two teams, so they will play a return match to decide the winner. The inter-city matches have not started as yet.

The baseball team has so far been fairly successful. The team has played such teams as Herbert Hoover, Richmond and Lane's All-Stars. The team hopes to win when they meet Burbank and Edison, as that would give them a city championship and that is what they are after. Quite a few of the boys showed that with more experience they will make a name for themselves in the baseball world.

Following baseball season, the boys are given an opportunity to engage in crew work on Lake Merritt. Two boats, the varsity and the midgets, have been practicing on Lake Merritt twice a week. This sport has proved very popular. Some days you may hear the name of these boys mentioned on the California crew.

RICHARD ROBIE.

1931 BASKETBALL SERIES

The girls games on the whole went off rather successfully this year. Although we failed to reach our goal—that of obtaining the championship, we came out with second place in the inter-scholastic games.

The unlimited and 115 pound teams did very well under the expert coaching of Miss Stout. The 105 pound team won two out of the three games, while the 95 pound team lost all. We can almost excuse them, though, as it was the first year of inter-scholastic work for most of the team. Mrs. Davis was the coach for the lighter weight teams.

Had we won two more games we would have won the city championship but as it is we can pride ourselves on receiving second place.

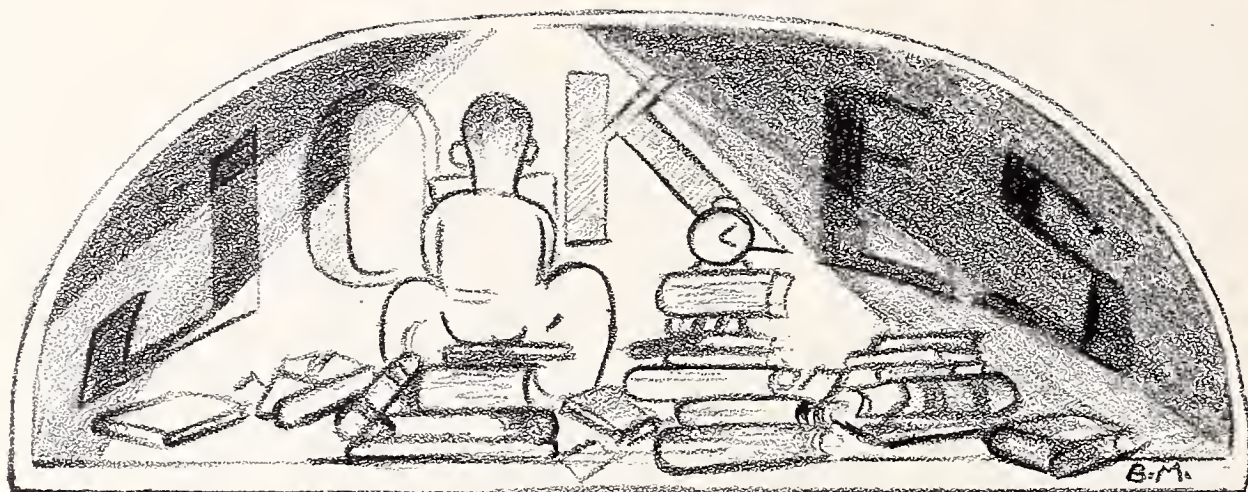
HORTENSE RAVEN.

BLOCK "G" SOCIETY

The Block "G" Society started out this spring term with ten members: President, Earl Mann; vice-president, Dick Fryklund; secretary, Richard Freshwater; treasurer, Roland Bauer; first marshal, Joe Dunbar; second marshal, Bert Mobler, and members, Leonard Frater, Ward Samuelson, William Boone, Elton Hippres, Mr. Corley and Mr. Chastain.

The first initiation of the term was held after basketball season. Those boys who were admitted were Harvey Lyman, Louis Rolletto and Clifford Dowell. The second initiation was held after baseball season. Regular meetings of the society were held every other Friday in the gym office.

ROLAND BAUER.



Bob Mallary

There once was a Spanish Senora
Who often fell down on the floor.
One day she fell flat,
And sat on her cat.
"Oh rats!" said the Spanish Senora.
CHRISTINE MATHEWS, *High Eighth*.



Last summer we went on vacation.
We hoped for complete relaxation.
But mosquitoes did bite,
Kept us up all the night,
And vacation was naught but vexation.
DORIS MACDONALD, *Low Ninth*.



There was a young man named Bob Boone,
Who called on his girl friend to spoon.
When at last he came out
He heard her Pa shout,
"Come again, but don't make it too soon!"
BETTY CLARKE, *Low Ninth*.



There's a man who is known to us all,
Who is neither too short nor too tall.
When his whistle he blows,
Then everyone knows
It's time to get out of the hall.
JUNE HAMM, *Low Ninth*.



There was a young man from New Wales
Who bragged of his splitting large rails.
We thought he was swindling,
So we had him chop kindling,
And all he could hit was his nails.
DOUGLAS CLARKE, *Low Ninth*.

There was a young puppy named Nigger
And goodness! that dog was a pigger.
He ate more than he should,
That was all that he could,
And lost what he had of a figger.
LENORE HENNESSEY.



Our teacher of English, Miss Morse,
Had us write on the Pegasus horse.
Though we wrote till we burst,
Her part was the worst,
For she had to read them, of course.
BETTY CLARKE, *Low Ninth*.



There was a young lady named Daisy,
Who was perfectly, horridly lazy.
So to her dismay,
When she worked all the day,
The neighbors all thought she'd gone
crazy.
HAZEL TERRY, *High Ninth*.



There was a young lady of Troy
Who was once very fond of a boy.
But mama said, "Dear,
Young Paris, I fear,
Will cause you more sorrow than joy."
ISOBEL DOUGLAS, *High Ninth*.



There was a lady from Chile
Who had an old boy friend named Willie.
He gave her a ring,
A cheap little thing,
And then they began to act silly.
BETTY JANE CALDWELL.

There was once a young lady named Lily
 Who really was silly, quite silly.
 She laughed till she cried,
 And then she just died.
 Now lilies are lying on Lily.
 ROSEMARY LAUGHELDT, *High Seventh*.

Loaded down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s.
 She collapsed with the strain.
 Said the doctors, "'Tis plain
 You are killing yourself by degrees."
 IVA DEE HYATT, *High Seventh*.

Why the bubbles must rise from the yeast,
 Why the sun must come up in the east,
 These are puzzles, I ken,
 That don't bother folks, when
 They are chased by a tiger, at least.
 IVA DEE HYATT, *High Seventh*.

An English teacher asked the class to
 write a concise summary of the poem,
 "Evangeline." A boy wrote the following:
 She loved him.
 She lost him.
 She hunted for him.
 She found him.
 She kissed him.
 And he died.

There was a young lady named Breeze,

Chris and Henri had been away from home against their mother's commands and she was waiting for them with a switch.

"Chris, vare you been?"

"Mit Henri."

"Henri, vare you been?"

"Mit Chris."

"Vare you both been?"

"Togedder."

A boy went into a shoe store and asked what shoes were made of.

Shoemaker: Hide.

Boy: Why should I hide?

Shoemaker: Hide! Hide!

Boy: I'm not going to hide. Why should I?

Shoemaker: Hide! Hide! The cow's outside.

Boy: Well, let the old cow come in—I'm not afraid of him.

Teacher (reading a note from Johnny's mother. Johnny had been late): Please excuse Johnny's being late today. He fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother.

RIDDLES

Q. Which is heavier: one sack of flour or two sacks?

A. One sack of flour.

Q. What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world?

A. The multiplication table.

Q. What odd number when beheaded becomes even?

A. Seven.

Q. There is a girl who works in a candy store who is 5 feet 6 inches tall, has a waist measure of 30 inches, and wears a number 5 shoe. What do you think she weighs?

A. She weighs candy.



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Son: Say, Paw, the teacher asked me to find the greatest common divisor.

Paw: Great heavens! is that thing still lost? The teacher had me hunting for it when I was a kid.

Small Town Cop: You can't go through here with your cut-out open.

Motorist: But I haven't any cut-out on this car.

Cop: Then get one put on and keep it closed.

✧

What's the use? If you drive recklessly you will dent the front of your car; if you drive carefully somebody will dent the back of it.

✧

Teacher (to fat girl): What makes the Leaning Tower of Pisa lean?

Fat Girl: If I knew I'd take some.

✧

Betty Lou: Why do you sit there scratching your head?

James Whittingham: 'Cause I'm the only one who knows it's itching.

✧

Visitors were present. "Daddy, may I have a dime?" asked little Georgie.

Dad obliged with a smile.

"This time you won't make me give it back after the company's gone, will you, Daddy?" was little Georgie's loud plea.

✧

"I'm fed up on that," said the baby, pointing to the high chair.

✧

Scrub (in trouble): What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Senior: Get a shine.

✧

Visitor: Tell me, Farmer, will it be an offense if I catch fish in this pond?

Farmer: No, Stranger, it would be a miracle.

✧

Judge: You are sentenced to hang by the neck until dead.

Prisoner: Judge, I believe you are stringing me.

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Johnny had just finished listening to a lecture at Sunday School about George Washington. He was told how George W. never told a lie, and that those who did tell lies would not go to heaven. Upon arriving home, much impressed by the talk, he asked his mother,

"Did you ever tell a lie?"

"I dare say I did, my son, when I was very small like you, and did not realize how wicked it was.

"Did papa ever tell a lie?" asked Johnny.

"Perhaps he might have, when he was a little boy, but he would not do it now," said mother.

"Well," remarked Johnny, "I don't know as I care about going to heaven, if there isn't going to be anybody there but God and George Washington."

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39 inhaled it.

37 put a lighted match to it.

4000 stepped on it.



Boss: Don't you do anything on time?

Clerk: Yes, sir, I bought my radio that way.



A little girl who saw an English bulldog for the first time started to make faces at him. Her mother said, "Annie, what are you doing that for?"

The little girl said, "He started it."

I'm from WISCONSIN too

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The boys of one of Dr. Stryker's classes at Hamilton College got a goose, tied it securely to his chair and pushed the chair under his desk, just before his expected arrival. He entered, pulled out his chair, and saw the goose occupying it.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, "I didn't know you were having a class meeting!"

↑

A teacher was instructing her pupils in the use of hyphens.

Among the examples given by the children was "bird-cage."

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in bird-cage."

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the reply.

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Young Mother: Henry! I believe the baby has swallowed the bell off his toy.
Father: Shake him and see.

"Sandy," screamed the Scotchman's wife, "the car's runnin' awa!"

"Can ye stop it?" asked Sandy.

"Nae."

"Well, then, try 'n crash it into something cheap."

Teacher: Which is farther away, May, England, or the moon?

May: England, teacher.

Teacher: What makes you think that?

May: Well, teacher, I can see the moon but I can't see England.

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Carrie: Don't forget, old dear, you owe me a dollar.

Grace: Yes, I remember. I'll keep it on my mind.

Carrie: Well, about when will you get it off?

†

Little Herbert arrived home one evening with his clothes full of round holes.

"Your new suit is ruined!" exclaimed his mother. "What have you been doing?"

"Well," he said, "I was playing grocery with Reggie, and each of us had to be something—and I was the cheese."

†

Miss White: What is the interest on a thousand dollars for one year at two per cent?

Ikey: For two per cent I ain't interested.

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Mr. Hennessey: This makes the fifth time I have punished you this week. What have you to say?

Matthew D.: I'm glad it's Friday, sir.

"Will you tell me three things about why the earth is a sphere, John?"

John: "First I can prove it by looking at the maps, second, the teacher told me, and third, my father said so."

Two college boys were seated in a Quincy trolley car, directly opposite a stout woman. At the square she attempted to rise to leave the car, but on account of her weight and the motion she experienced some difficulty.

"If she ate yeast maybe she would rise better," said one youth to his companion, in what was meant to be a whisper, but which was audible throughout the car.

As the woman finally arose, she turned to the youths and said, "Yes, and maybe if you ate yeast, you would be better bred."

"Do you know that teacher has never seen a horse in her life?" exclaimed Maisie excitedly.

"How do you know that?" asked her mother.

"Well, said little Maisie, "teacher told us to draw something and I drew a picture of a horse and she didn't know what it was!"

Teacher: Why were you crying so hard on Saturday?

Boy: Because I was playing hooky from school and didn't find out until the afternoon it was Saturday.

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